

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

By CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

Abraham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily shoed feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles, there was no response, save a startled "cuk, cuk, cuk!" from an old hen with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered perplexedly. "I wouldn't've thought Sairy'd go away from home this way all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing before as I know of."

He stood still for a little while, meditatively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers together while he pondered the unprecedented situation.

"Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he conjectured. "Never known her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! Are you at home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as if of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep; then the shade was lifted at one side and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth is the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer in a high pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhyneasons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north meadow, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come now, speak up quick," added her husband impatiently. "For I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em," Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had saved him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhyneason gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast and breakin' down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin'."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin' so much comp'ny now since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much hard work, specially town comp'ny. Them high flyin' town folks don't care a snap for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' 'em overnigh and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to water-melons. Now, them Rhyneasons!"

"Them Rhyneasons 're my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer, "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself most of the time, but I don't make that an excuse for slighthin' my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and—"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhyneasons. I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another, so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm. I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you nothin', I reckon."

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it, you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother—"

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered, weak chested woman; her scant hair was iron gray, her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil, and her face was deep lined and sorrowful. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhyneason you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply in a strange, still voice that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhyneason when she asks you where you was?"

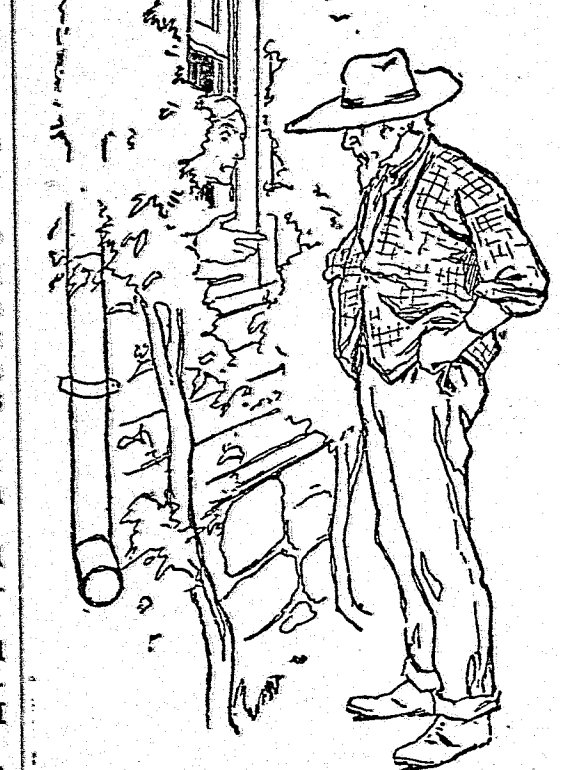
"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"'Cause I'm not goin' to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again with a slightly dazed look in his deep set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes could she 've meant by that last?" he meditated un-



easily. Then his flat, straight out lips closed in a hard line, and he added as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't a-goin' to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her, but now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight, she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of worn-out nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased and her face hardened as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope; that's all. I'm tired of livin' and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands. "Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin' to find out. I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin', thinkin', entertainin' part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as that we hear 'em. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds singin' and the rain fallin' and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the meadow, and s'posin' you could hear these little chicks chirpin' to be fed at sundown and you not here to feed 'em, and the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and you not here to milk 'em, and your husband trudgin' home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here

to get supper for him, do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer? "And s'posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin' the chickens and some other woman's hands rattlin' the stove lids around, a-startin' a fire to cook supper for your husband. You'd most likely want to get up out of your grave then, but you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin' on without your day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin' to pieces inch by inch and crumblin' to dust. There wouldn't be much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble and couldn't think of a single comfortin' thing to say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone. I wouldn't try to know out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in. I never heard such scandalous doctrine since I was born."

She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin'. I was that afeard she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land, a o'clock a'ready!" as a timeliness metallic stroke. She hurried into the bedroom and came out rolling a pair of heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the door a little way and listened again intently.

"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight."

She caught up the blankets and snatched a raspberry pie in its tin plate from the table. Thus equipped for flight she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot and waved the pie at them frantically, but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper time! If I'd only had time to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else'll think to do it."

She hesitated and looked back at them pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed, but the blankets were cumbersome, and the raspberry pie was shedding its sticky juice up her sleeve.

Her arms were near to breaking and tears and perspiration mingled in the hollows of her cheeks when at last she reached the cornfield and stumbled in between the tall green rows. She dropped the blankets and almost fell upon them in her exhaustion. The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a corn hill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels nor any sound save the rustling of the millions of corn blades in the great field about her. The voice of a meadow lark singing from the top of a tall charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer. Then she stood up and tried to see the house, but the tasseled tops of the corn were two feet above her head. She made her way cautiously to the outer row and peered out between the stalks, but the low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the higher ground of the meadow, full of haycocks, intervened. She could see only the weather worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up her burden again of blankets and bottle and pie and trudged on deeper into the sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house, she felt safe for the time being and sat down again to rest and bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dug-out in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornfield. It had been constructed for a potato cellar and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house, so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day.

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky with a deep drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn-shoots on all sides, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the corn blades, precursor of the coming night.

To be continued.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bites; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Bogarty, Lexington, Ky. Sold by Noyes Drug Store, Norway, and F. A. Shurtliff, South Paris.

HEBRON.
The students of the Academy class of '99 are:
Nathan D. Akers, Andover.
John W. Bartlett, Lewiston.
Helen B. Boney, Portland.
Mabel C. Beane, Hebron.
Elmina A. Brown, Hebron.
Krustie Boyadjiff, Bulgaria.
Herbert G. Bowman, Hebron.
Davenport Cox, Somerville, Mass.
Maunice Dunbar, Camden.
Helen A. Delano, Dixfield.
Hazel Donham, Hebron.
Margaret L. Everett, Hebron.
Clarence L. Flood, Oxford.
Harold S. Gerrish, Lisbon.
Nathan W. Hodskins, Lamaine.
Jordan L. Holt, North Lamaine.
Nellie M. Hayes, Oxford.
Amos F. Jackson, Bridgton.
Clarence C. Morton, South Paris.
Clarence S. Fulsifer, East Poland.
Frank W. Russell, Chicago, Ill.
Louis C. Stearns, Jr., Caribou.
Leon M. Small, Dixfield.
William M. Teague, Warren.
May H. Wallace, Auburn.
John Whitman, Haverhill, Mass.

HARRISON.
Ralph Burnham, late can maker in the corn factory, has entered the employ of Hollis Caswell.

M. W. Hart of Boston, who represents the wholesale lumber house of H. D. Wiggins, has been visiting here.

It is doubtful whether Walter Dudley operates his brick yard, this year, as he has a lot of unsold brick left from last year.

Benjamin Seavey Wheeler, who died, recently, at his home in this village, was one of Harrison's best known and highly esteemed citizens. He was born in Bethel, nearly eighty years ago, while his early life was spent, and where he followed the vocation of farmer. Many years ago, he located in Harrison, where he married Eliza Dawes of this town, and where he remained until his death. He was a man of much versatility, ready to turn his hand to what industry he found most congenial and remunerative. His wife died, thirteen years ago. Four children survive him: Mrs. William Walker, Andrew R. Wheeler, Mrs. Fie Kneeland, and Willis B. Wheeler, all residents of this village. Mr. Wheeler made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Kneeland, and it was there that the funeral was held, Rev. J. E. Harriman officiating, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. There were many floral tributes. The burial was in the village cemetery. Mr. Wheeler died after a sickness of only four days, the result of taking cold, which quickly developed into pneumonia, and causing a shock of the brain.

People say Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other preparations fail to do any good, and you run no risk in giving it a fair trial.

BETHEL.
Mrs. Lucy Leach is at home from Gorham, N. H.

Ceylon Rowe and Dana C. Philbrook are putting in a new sewer on Park street.

Rev. F. E. Barton and family are spending a fortnight at his old home in Brookfield.

Nathaniel Trask of Newry has sold his farm to Leon Trask, and bought Mrs. Ira W. Bean's farm in this town.

Bertha Wiley is at home, her school at West Bethel being closed, by the board of health on account of scarlet fever.

IN July, August, September.

When the melon vine commences to twine, and fruits to colic in stomachs incline; Then all should recall, since 'twas said long since, Our mothers have us Johnson's Anodyne.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, summer complaints, pain in the stomach, bowels or kidneys. For bites, burns, bruises, sun-burns, or strains, it is the sovereign cure. All who use it are amazed at its power and are loud in its praise for its safety.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DAY. Dispensed by J. L. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

GOOD LINE OF

Cigars & Cigarettes

Candy Fresh Every Day.

Best Ice Creams.

Chocolates and Bonbons.

E. L. WINSLOW,

Opposite Post Office, NORWAY.

DR. F. AUSTIN TENNEY

EYES & OCULIST

Will be at his office, BEAL BLOCK, NORWAY, Wed. and Thurs., June 28 and 29

and two days of each following month.

Latest methods known to modern optical science. Glasses fitted at reasonable prices.

PURE LAKE ICE

Delivered in quantities to suit purchasers both Norway and South Paris.

If in want of ice speak to the driver or address a postal card to

A. W. WALKER & SON

South Paris, Me.

FISHING TACKLE!

RODS, REELS, LINES,

LANDING NETS,

PHANTOM MINNOWS, SPINNERS.

Base Balls and Bats

Door and Window Screens at

C. D. MORSE'S, WATERFORD, MAINE.

FRESH AND FAIR.

Practical statements to women about catarrh.



TRANQUILLITY

in women preserves beauty. Women suffering from any catarrhal trouble cannot be wholly attractive. If the catarrh is in the head, nose, throat or stomach the breath declares it. If it is in the lungs it means consumption. Troubles of the pelvic organs are in almost every case catarrh. Every phase of catarrh is unclean; many of them are disgusting.

Catarrh has many names but its character is the same; wherever it is there is inflammation. To cure catarrh the remedy must be scientific and thorough. Such a remedy

is Pe-ru-na, which for forty years has been successfully combating this insidious disease. Read what Mrs. Benolt says about it: **Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O.**

DEAR SIR:—I have been sick since last fall. The doctors said I had catarrh. I employed three physicians but they did not help me at all. I finally gave up doctors and began to take medicines I saw advertised, but I continued to grow worse. I was so miserable I wished I was dead. Life had no pleasures for me. At last I saw Pe-ru-na advertised and got a bottle. Half a bottle helped me, and after I had taken four bottles I was well. I have gained in weight and feel years younger.—Mrs. Benolt, 131 Pleasant St., Cincinnati, O.

Dr. Hartman will prescribe for fifty thousand women this year free of charge. All women suffering from female troubles or any disease of the mucous membrane may have Dr. Hartman's private counsel without cost. Send for special question blank for women.

Mrs. J. Koeller, Rockford, Ill., says:—"I have been troubled with chronic catarrh several years. I tried almost everything, and employed several prominent physicians, but to no avail. I saw an advertisement of your medicine and gave it a trial. I have found Pe-ru-na a great help. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from that dread disease."

The uncleanness of catarrh makes the disease abhorrent to a careful woman. Catarrh will not go away itself. Its existence must be made impossible. This is what Pe-ru-na does. It makes the membranes healthy all through the organs of the body and catarrh ceases to exist. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

CALL ON **Mrs. E. C. Skillings**

FOR A **STYLISH HAT**

—AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Remember Mrs. Skillings has all grades of goods from the cheapest to the best quality.

Don't hesitate a moment but come in!

116 MAIN STREET.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Piano Stools, Piano Chairs, Piano Covers, and Instruction Books.

A fine lot of new pianos and organs just received. I have one second hand Bridgeport organ, six octave, almost new, with stool and book, for \$60. One second hand New England organ, with twelve stops, in good condition, with stool and book, for \$50. One second hand Estey organ, very nice tone, low case, in good condition with stool and book, for \$45. One second hand Estey organ, high case, walnut, with eleven stops, for \$55. One second hand Taylor and Farley organ, for \$35.

One second hand Ivers and Pond piano in first-class condition, for \$150. One second hand Behr Bros. piano, mahogany case, nearly new, \$200. One second hand New York piano, almost new, at less than cost, \$175. I have several other pianos and organs which have been used but little, on which I shall make very low prices.

Send for catalogues and prices. Pianos and organs sold on easy monthly payments, and all warranted as represented, or money refunded and instrument taken away. I shall make low prices as I wish to reduce my stock before April 1.

W. J. WHEELER,

Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

JAMES O. CROOKER,

Hardware, Stoves and Furnaces.

Plumbing, Bar Iron, Steel and Coal.

138 Main street, NORWAY, MAINE.

FISHERMEN'S ATTENTION

Is Called to Our Extended Line of

FISHING - TACKLE.

Including the Most Improved and Latest Novelties Necessary to the Sportsman's Complete Outfit.

We also have our usual large line of

BASE BALL GOODS.

The Noyes Drug Store.

Single Copies of the Advertiser
Can be found each week on sale at the following places, at 4 cents each.
Norway, A. J. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store.
So. Paris, A. J. Stone's and A. F. Shurtleff's.
Bethel, A. J. Stone's and A. F. Shurtleff's.
Frederick, A. J. Stone's and A. F. Shurtleff's.
West Paris, A. J. Stone's and A. F. Shurtleff's.
Orders for single copies sent each week direct to the office of publication will be promptly filled. ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

It is true that advertising will not put merit into poor merchandise, but good merchandise often becomes poor for the want of good advertising.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

H. L. Shepherd of Rockland and Geo. E. Macomber of Augusta were in town, Friday.

A. L. Robinson, state agent for the Franklin Typewriter, was in town, last Thursday.

William A. Bicknell caught a 5½ lb. landlocked salmon in Lake Penesseewassee, last Friday.

Dr. Harry Jones is having a bay window put in the little room over the entrance door at his office in the Beal's Block.

We can send you a good map of Oxford county, folded and in covers for 50 cents. We pay postage. The map shows the fishing grounds in this and Franklin counties.

Don't forget that we do job printing of all kinds as cheaply as anybody who will furnish you with equally as good work. Our prices are low. Get our estimate on any line of work.

A. L. Cook and Frank P. Knapp took 37 trout that weighed 10 pounds out of some stream west of here. Cook makes a proclamation that the fish came out of Hobbs brook, but they took too much like swift-water trout.

O. A. Kneeland, the new proprietor of the Hallowell House, at Hallowell, is meeting with fine success. Mr. Kneeland and wife have a good record as hotel people. We understand they have rented their summer hotel at Harrison.

Rev. R. A. Rich of Empire gives his illustrated lecture on Cuba and the Cuban war, Thursday evening, June 1, at the Methodist church. Mr. Rich is an interesting speaker and gives a good lecture. Five dozen views are shown by a double dissolving stereoscope. This is for the benefit of the choir, and the choir will sing.

Saturday evening, William Thomas McCormick and bride entertained their friends at the home of her parents, deputy sheriff and Mrs. Thaddeus Cross. The happy couple received many congratulations and a pleasant season of social chat was enjoyed by all. A treat of ice cream, cake and lemonade was served. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick are two of Norway's pleasantest young people and have the wishes of many friends. They received some very nice wedding presents including a splendid willow rocking chair from shopmates.

Paint Your Buggy for 75 cents.
With Devoe's Gloss Carriage Paint, ready for use, 8 colors. Gives a high gloss, equal to new. Sold by C. B. Cummings & Sons. 14-26

Bert and Leslie McIntire and Ira Johnson of East Waterford, Geo. C. Woods of Derby, Conn., Will Fairbanks of Sudbury, Mass., and Harry Hutchins of North Fryeburg and at Four Ponds on a fishing trip. They left last Friday, and went by railroad to Houghton's.

Nelson M. Russell of Stoneham sends us a cabinet photograph of Mrs. Russell and a big salmon caught out of Stone pond. George A. Brown was the lucky fisherman and his prize weighed 3½ pounds, and was 28 inches long. It is a good picture, printed on the self-toning paper sold by Hills of Norway.

Freeland Howe returned from his fishing trip, Saturday, after 10 days' absence. He went to Bethel, to Middle Dam and Upper Dam, and closed his fishing at E. Pond. He had good luck, but the fishing was rather slow, the first week. Mrs. Howe and their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison of Rumford Falls, were with him, a part of the time, and enjoyed the fishing immensely.

Saturday a gentleman stopped into this office and purchased one hundred or more old newspapers with which to feed his hens. He took the paper into shreds and soaked it in soup until the whole mass becomes a pulp, when he feeds it to the hens, and he claims that it adds greatly to their egg-producing qualities. The newspaper is gradually extending its field of usefulness. From yesterday's thought it has expanded, until within its sphere is already included food for goats and hens. [Exchange]

We sell three old papers for a penny but will not guarantee that hens fed on them will grow fat.

"Joshua Simpkins," a pastoral play, on the order of the "Old Homestead," and other like attractions, comes to Norway, Wednesday evening, June 7, and will be produced under a large water-proof pavilion, on the old quarry lot, off Main street. In the third act a sensational saw mill scene is introduced, showing Uncle Josh Simpkins' saw mill in actual operation, cutting up real logs and timber, using a real mammoth buzz saw, which is seen revolving at frightful speed. The play does not, however, depend on this one scene for success, as there are several other equally interesting scenes, and an abundance of good, wholesome fun and merriment. For local features, including their famous orchestra. The company carries two fine bands which will make a noontime parade, and a mammoth portable stage 60 x 40 feet. Admission is only 25 cents and 15 cents for children.

Letter to Frank Hurd,

Norway, Me.
Dear Sir: You buy your horsehoes and nails; your grandfather, if he was a blacksmith, made 'em. You can't afford to hammer them out by hand, when you can buy as good, or better, perhaps, ready-made to your hand, for a little more than the cost of the iron.

What do you think of a painter who goes on buying his linseed oil and white lead, and mixing, and tinting, and charging his time for work that is far better done than he can do it, done by machinery, done as your horsehoes and nails are made.

Mistake isn't it? He is wasting his chance in the world. There is no better stuff to do business with than good horsehoes and paint; and no better work than putting them on. Good horsehoes will put on it's the putting 'em on that makes you a blacksmith; no matter who makes 'em.

Who wants to go back to old times and make his own horsehoes? Between us two, that painter don't know how to make good paint—he used to, but paint has run away from him. Yours truly,
P. W. Devoe & Co.

Mrs. George W. Newhall is visiting relatives in Boston.

H. R. Virgin, esq., of Portland has returned from a six weeks trip to the island of Jamaica much improved in health. He has been trying his luck at salmon fishing at Sebaste, the chief of this week. Geo. A. Cole of this town accompanied him.

Two young men went to Crooked river, Friday, and fished. They got some trout, but the most important result of their visit was this place of worldly wisdom: "If other Crooked river fishermen spent as much time throwing away chubs as we have, we don't see how they had any time left for catching trout."

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. This writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Noyes Drug Store, Norway, and F. A. Shurtleff's, South Paris. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

SOUTH PARIS.

William C. Libby has built a neat, new fence around his yard.

Painters and paperhangers are doing a thorough job on the interior of the jailer's residence.

Silas P. Maxim has bought the Ham house on Pine street. He will fit it up into two tenements.

George M. Atwood has bought his partner's stand, the Forbes place, on East Hill. He will remove the old buildings and erect a fine modern residence.

Charles Pierce, while at work on the courthouse grounds at South Paris with the other prisoners, Thursday afternoon, skipped, escaping to the woods. Mr. Tucker offered a reward of \$40 for his capture.

Henry D. Hammond of Paris is the oldest court officer in point of service in New England, probably in this country. In 1802 or 1803 Horatio Austin, the sheriff, appointed Henry D. Hammond officer of the Oxford superior judicial court. He held the position till William Douglas of Waterford was elected sheriff. For four years Mr. Douglas acted as court officer. As soon as Jordan Stacy was elected, he reappointed Henry D. Hammond court officer at the request of Judge Haskell and other justices of Maine courts. He has been court officer ever since, and has recently been reappointed for two years by sheriff James B. Tucker. A few years ago a state law abolished the office of court officer, but provided that a deputy sheriff should act in that capacity. C. M. Wornell, who was then sheriff, retained Mr. Hammond as court officer, by appointing him deputy sheriff, and since that time Mr. Hammond has been both deputy sheriff and court officer. Mr. Hammond has been town clerk 15 years, selectman two terms, representative in the State Legislature two years, vice-president and trustee of the bank, agricultural editor of the local paper, and presiding officer of more meetings than any other man in Paris.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O, it is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take as the place of tea or coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion, builds up the system, and is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/4 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

Handsome Series of Railway Literature.

We have received from the Grand Trunk Railway System copies of their tourist publications, which have been issued by the General Passenger Department for the season of 1899, and which we understand are being circulated throughout the country with a view of making known the magnificent scenery reached by this vast railway system. The publications themselves are full of interest, the text giving graphic and concise descriptions of the regions of North-east Ontario, including the Muskoka Lakes, the Lake of Bays, the Magnetawan River and the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay. The pamphlets are profusely illustrated with half-tone reproductions of river, lake and inland scenery, with here and there a picture of a picture or some fishing scene that makes one long for summer and the holidays. The publications are printed on the best of paper, and by a somewhat new and original process of the printer, which has been invented after long and careful experiment with blending of colors and mixing of ingredients, to get the very artistic and beautiful effect which they present. The process has been styled "Luxotype," and is a new one from a printer's standpoint. Among the publications issued are "Muskoka Lakes—Highlands of Ontario," "Lake of Bays—Highlands of Ontario," "Mong the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," and a special brochure entitled "Hay Fever," giving the cause of this annoying disease and how to avoid and cure it.

The several pamphlets bristle with pointers for the tourist, camper, hunter and angler, and copies should be obtained before deciding on next summer's outing. A postal card to W. E. Davis, general passenger and ticket agent, Montreal, will secure one or copies of this handsome and interesting literature. The many splendid landscape views shown in these booklets are the work of J. Wesley Swan of Norway, who is the official photographer for the G. T. Railway.

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

The water is so low that Tibbets' mill at Milton has shut down.

Hiram Twitcheall of Bethel visited at C. H. and Asa Sessions', quite recently. Ben and Herman Billings and W. S. Sessions were at Bethel in the ball game, the 20th of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens (nee Ross Farnum) are living at present with their parents, Freeman Stevens and wife. David Harding and wife arrived home, last Monday, from their wedding trip, having visited relatives in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Mrs. L. Hemingway went to South Paris, last Saturday, to visit her sister, Mrs. Geo. Wise, over Sunday, thence to Richmond to stop several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Villa Haines.

Soliloquy.

Oh, could I wake some summer morn
Away from toil and business cares,
And find myself a child again
Mid the buttercups and daisies,
And upon the carpet green,
Under my favorite tree,
While listening to the merry birds,
How happy I would be!
And when wearied of their music,
I'd take my line and hook
And angle for the spotted trout
That are swimming up the brook.
And there are the apple blossoms
In the country home in June,
And it's there the golden robin
Sings so loud his sweetest tune.
Oh, wouldn't it be a pleasure
For my worn and weary soul?
For so many years I've wandered
Far from toil and business cares,
And find myself a child again
Mid the buttercups and daisies.
Oxford, Me. F. T. F.

A Government Beef Issue.

A lady in New England has received a letter from her sister who lives in the far West that describes an interesting event—

"Now for my day at the beef issue. We left El Reno at 8 o'clock in the morning and drove out to the point at which looked like a beautiful garden of flowers, came to the stock pens situated six miles northwest of here. We forded the North Canadian river at a little town called Darlington.

"The stock pens are built on a high knoll overlooking the plains for miles on every side. In the pens were over two hundred Texas cattle which were to be distributed to the Indians at this issue. When we arrived at the pens we found already assembled a crowd of nearly fifteen hundred Indians dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, with beaded blankets and moccasins and their faces painted red, yellow and green.

"Most of the Indian men were mounted on fine horses, with repeating rifles strapped to their saddles, and revolvers and knives in their belt. Others were on foot, while the squaws, with their babies were in wagons. Any Indian can take part in the killing of the cattle, who chooses to as no one in particular is selected to do the work.

"The Indians built a large bonfire in which they heated their branding irons for every one of the cattle, before it is let out of the pen, is branded with the letters 'I. D.' in its side so that 'Uncle Sam' may know his stock, the letters standing for Indian Department. Then they are weighed, ten at a time, and are driven out of the pen to the plain, where the Indians stand in long rows, and as the cattle come tearing out of the pens with the pain from their branding sides, still smoking where the red hot irons burned deep into the flesh, they receive a volley of bullets from the Indians' guns. Some of the cattle go bellowing away on three legs, some two broken and will make frantic efforts to rise from the ground, while others are hit in the head and fall dead. Others receive their death wound at once but the Indians keep shooting till all lie dead or dying. This is continued until the two hundred or more cattle are killed.

"This part of the work is great sport for the Indians and the cattle in the same manner as they used to kill the buffalo years ago before the white man drove them all out of the country and shut the Indians up in such narrow quarters.

"Now is the time for the squaws to work and they go driving like mad over streams of water, up hill and down until they come to where the dead cattle lay. They help to take the hides off and small strips of flesh and give to each of the dogs. Then they help themselves to a piece which they chew on while they finish cutting and dividing the meat among themselves. The clean, white ground, for as we drove down among them to see how they did the work we found them taking the entrails to their wagons along with the heart, liver and kidneys. In fact all that was left in a few hours were the horns and hoofs; all the rest was gone.

"As I looked on and saw them laughing and cutting and dividing, I could not help thinking of the difference between them and the white people. They had no words over their part. Each took his and went his way. They are left to divide it up as they will, while white men would quarrel to see which would get the best piece, and no doubt the knife would be drawn on one or the other instead of being used to cut up the meat.

"Now, wishing something to remember the day, I brought home five pairs of horns, I shot them, then polished and hung up in my house.

"Beef is issued to the Indians every two weeks."

Ian MacLaren, who has done very little literary work for some months, has just written for The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, an important series of four short stories, under the general title of "The Modern Group of Scandinavian Painters," and of which will appear in the issue of June 8. In these stories the author returns to the Scotch town and folk he knows so well, and depicts the scenes of his own boyhood with the same sweet humor and realism that brought beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush into such immediate and lasting favor. Murtown Seminary is drawn from Stirling Grammar School, where the author prepared for the University of Edinburgh.

NORTHWEST ALBANY.
Mrs. Nellie Doane of Portland and Rose Mason of Medford, Mass., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Mason.

Sorlin's Magazine for June opens with a richly illustrated article by Cecilia Waern, who describes the wonderful advance in art made by her fellow-countrymen under the title of "The Modern Group of Scandinavian Painters," and discusses such eminent artists as Thaulow, Larsson, Zorn and many others, samples of whose work are given in excellent engravings.

An interesting and valuable article in this number of McClure's is an account of negotiations between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish commanders that led to the final surrender of Manila practically without any fighting between the land forces. It is written by Oscar King Davis, Manila correspondent of the New York Sun, from the diary of M. Edouard Andre, the Belgian consul at Manila, through whom the negotiations were conducted.

TWO GOOD THINGS IN ONE
We put a cake of pure white Glycerine Soap in every package of **Ivoryine** Washing Powder.

You pay for the washing powder and not for the soap. **Ivoryine** is the finest article for cleaning purposes that skill can produce.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
MAKERS OF WILLIAMS' FAMOUS DRESSING SOAP.

BRYANT'S POND.

G. L. Cushman was at Norway on town business, Saturday.

Chester D. Fickett visited his son Simon at Rumford Falls, Saturday.

Rev. F. E. Barton preached the memorial sermon at the Universalist church, Sunday forenoon.

Quite an exciting game of base ball was played here, Saturday afternoon, between the Bethel and Bryant's Pond clubs, resulting in a score of 25 to 8 in favor of Bryant's Pond.

Simcoe B. Curtis, one of the prominent respected citizens of Woodstock, died at his home, Friday afternoon. Mr. Curtis had been in failing health for a year or more, but was able to drive out and carried the scholars to the Union school, the first week in May. Since that time he has failed very rapidly. Another former resident of this town, Adoniram Curtis, now a resident of West Paris, passed away only a few hours later. Simcoe Curtis was a prominent member of Franklin grange and also of West Paris Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F.

Ned I. Swan had an exciting adventure with his team, recently. While driving with his father, near James W. Powers', his horse became frightened at the cars and made a rush for the garden, where after dashing about among the young fruit trees, David Swan was thrown out, and the horse then attempted to leap the board fence into the road with the carriage when the traces ended by the horse being thrown. Ned picked up the horse and the serious damage was done excepting to the wagon and the fence both of which were somewhat shattered.

AUGUST FLOWER.

"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use, and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at Williamson & Kimball, Norway; F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

Acrostical Enigma.

1, 9, 5, 11, is an American coin.
2, 5, 7, 10, is a prognosis.
3, 7, 11, is to encounter.
4, 11, 7, 5, is an article.
5, 11, 7, 5, is a situation.
6, 4, 5, 7, is to bestow.
7, 5, 11, is not rough.
8, 4, 10, is a creature.
9, 5, 4, 11, is to send forth.
10, 5, 11, is a situation.
11, 2, 3, 7, is a book.
12, 4, 11, 9, is a situation.

The whole was found in the OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER, every week.

The person who first sends the correct answer to the "Puzzle Editor," box 55, Waterford, Me., will receive the July number of the Woman's Home Companion, and the names of all the solvers will be printed in the ADVERTISER, some time during the month of July.

The answer can be sent on postal cards, as no stamps are called for.

The answers to the prize enigma which appeared in the ADVERTISER, dated May 5th, is "The best paper published in Maine," as stated when the puzzle was inserted. The correct solution was sent by eleven readers of the paper, in the order here given: Mrs. Mahalia M. Russell, Yarmouthville; Miss E. B. Partridge, Norway Lake; Mrs. Orin M. Godwin, Campbell, Mass.; Mrs. E. P. Woodbury, Lancaster, Mass.; Mrs. Rose P. Holt, Fairfield; Mrs. Minnie Barrett, West Sumner; Mrs. H. H. Buck, Buckfield; Mrs. J. W. Dresser, North Waterford; Smythia, North Norway; Mrs. H. D. Pike, Lovell; Mrs. C. B. Harlow, Rumford.

The prizes were won by Mrs. Rose P. Holt and Mrs. E. D. Pike. The enigma which we place before you this week, will be found quite easy to solve, and we hope a large number of young readers will be able to find the answer. The first solver will receive a beautiful illustrated magazine, containing a puzzle department, and all will have the pleasure of seeing their names printed in this paper, next month.

PUZZLE EDITOR.
Job printing done as you want it, at the Advertiser office.

Sarah E. Proctor of Bryant's Pond has had a pension of \$12 granted.

Latin School, Lewiston, were defeated by Hebrons, Wednesday, score 88 to 8.

Those who attended the Kora Temple, Lewiston, Thursday evening, are: Geo. D. Babbitt, Albany; J. B. Robinson, E. P. Farnce, Oxford; Alfred S. Kimball, C. L. Hathaway, Norway.

Sorlin's Magazine for June opens with a richly illustrated article by Cecilia Waern, who describes the wonderful advance in art made by her fellow-countrymen under the title of "The Modern Group of Scandinavian Painters," and discusses such eminent artists as Thaulow, Larsson, Zorn and many others, samples of whose work are given in excellent engravings.

An interesting and valuable article in this number of McClure's is an account of negotiations between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish commanders that led to the final surrender of Manila practically without any fighting between the land forces. It is written by Oscar King Davis, Manila correspondent of the New York Sun, from the diary of M. Edouard Andre, the Belgian consul at Manila, through whom the negotiations were conducted.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Costs less than One Cent a cup.
Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.
A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited,
Established 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

We have in stock—Cameras, Dry Plates, Films, Card Mounts, Flash Lights, Paper, Printing Frames, Trays, Chemicals, and everything needed by the amateur. We make our Developer and Toning Solution fresh, every week.

Special articles that we do not have in stock will be promptly ordered. Mail orders solicited. At the pharmacy of

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

HORACE COLE

Has the Largest Stock of
SILVER - AND - PLATED - GOODS
To be found outside the cities.

NOYES BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.

E. E. MILLETT & CO.

Manufacturers of

Custom Boots, Shoes and Oxfords.

Come in and have your foot measured and get a good style, nice fitting shoe at the same price as ready-made shoes of the same quality. All the latest style lasts and patterns. Repairing of all kinds done promptly.

Main street, NORWAY, MAINE.

WE ARE SELLING THE CELEBRATED
Baldwin Dry Air
Refrigerators.
Prices \$7.50 to \$15.
N. Dayton Bolster & Co.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

At Akers & Haselton's

Opposite the Elm House, you will find one of the largest stocks of

CANNED GOODS
To be found in this market.

Canned Salmon, Corned Beef, Canned Chicken, P. & C. Sardines, Ox Tongues, Baked Beans, String Beans, Shelled Beans, Hominy, Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce, Peas, Squash, Pumpkin, Peaches, Apples, Apricots, Plums, Blueberries, Tomatoes, etc.

NEW DEPARTURE.

The NORWAY BAKERY will be open on Sunday Mornings, from 7 to 9 a. m.

In addition to visiting Norway and South Paris daily, our teams will run as follows: Tuesdays, Oxford and Mechanic Falls; Wednesdays, Hebron and Bethel; Thursdays and Fridays, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills and Bethel; Saturdays, Paris Hill and West Paris.

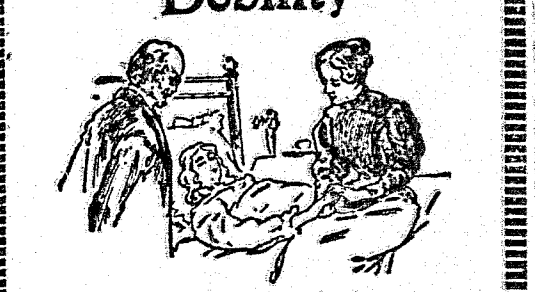
JOHN HAYES,
94 Main street, NORWAY, ME.
(Telephone, 9-5.)

2 GIRLS Wanted at once, to work in kitchen and dining room at boarding house. William H. Warren, Norway, 21-22.

FOR SALE I have a good pair of working A. B. Bean, East Waterford, Me. Call at once on 21-22.

FOR SALE Pigs, heavy single harness, 1 wagon, 1000 lb. good Concord wagon, a skeleton wagon, 2 cows, 2 sows. A. H. Packard, North Norway, 20-22.

In all Conditions of Debility



whether from overwork, in protracted illness, or in convalescence, the digestive organs partake of the general weakness, and are unable to assimilate sufficient food to build up the wasted tissues. In such cases

Pabst Malt Extract

is just the nutritive tonic you need. It gives tone to the stomach, it aids the digestion of food, and brings refreshing sleep.

Farm for Sale.

Situated in Harrison, one mile from Bolster's Mills post office, with dam and mill, four acres of land, good soil, good buildings all connected; good farm, easy to carry on, and about thirty tons of hay, small leaved with machine; good pasture with living water; good variety of fruit. For terms apply to J. C. Saunders, on the farm. Reason for selling, broken down health. 21

Business will be continued at the W. E. Austin machine shop on Greenleaf Avenue, Norway, Me. All orders for work will receive prompt attention.

47th GEO. AUSTIN, Admr.

R. S. DORMAN

(Successor to Edwin Bray)
Funeral - Director - and - Embalmer
Carriage repairing and painting at the Bray Stand. 21st

HARRISON, MAINE.

Pint Dippers, 2 cts.

Quart dippers, 3c; 2-qt. dippers, 4c; 10-qt. pails, 9c; 30-qt. pails, 15c. All kinds of best quality tinware and other household goods at wholesale prices.

MRS. J. K. CHASE,
South side Fair Grounds, Norway.

H. & E. SANBORN

AGENTS FOR
ENVOY, FLEETWING, CROWN
and **GYRUS BICYCLES.**

17th

Second-hand wheels. Repairing of all kinds. Full line of sundries.

Fair St., NORWAY.

Premiums Discontinued
After July 1.

After July 1st, 1899 we shall discontinue the picture premiums and shall issue no more cards after June 1st.

W. O. & C. W. FROTHINGHAM

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FRYEBURG.

Mr. E. S. Chase is visiting friends in Norway.

Miss Evans of the Lewiston Kindergarten, was home for a short vacation, this week.

Clarence Wiley closed the children's dancing school class with a party, Friday evening. The Cornet Band gave an enjoyable concert the first part of the evening.

The last meeting of the Chautauqua circle was held with the president, Mrs. Frank Locke, on Monday evening. A. F. Lewis gave an interesting account of a recent trip to Florida. It was a pleasant occasion, and much enjoyed by the members.

The annual business meeting of the woman's club was held Friday afternoon. The following officers have been chosen for the ensuing year:—
President, Mrs. Tobias L. Eastman.
Vice-president, Mrs. E. E. Hastings.
Secretary, Miss Weston.
Treasurer, Miss Weston.
Librarian, Mrs. G. G. Shirley.
And the usual committee for executive work.

All of the above officers, except the vice-president were re-elected. The past year has been an especially profitable one in the line of work pursued by the club. An active interest has been manifested in the public schools. The library has recently received a gift of eighteen new books from Miss Hastings, one of the club members.

Desirable Residence in South Paris FOR SALE.

A fine residence at South Paris, village, Me. consisting of a two-story house with oil, wood shed and a large stable, all in good repair. The house contains nine finished rooms besides a large pantry and summer kitchen, with chance to finish more rooms if needed. The lot is 200 feet front with a fine lawn. There are 12 trees and some 20 apple trees of various kinds. Location is pleasant with good view, sanitary condition first-class, running water comes into house. These premises will be sold at a bargain. For further particulars inquire of—
F. C. MERRILL,
South Paris, Maine.

Bug Death!

Is a new preparation made for the especial benefit of potato raisers. It will kill all beetles, slugs and insect life. Will not injure the plant, prevents rust. Will clear out and keep off carpet moths, currant and cabbage worms, squash and rose bugs. Non-poisonous to anything but insects and sure death to them. Prices very reasonable.

1 lb., 15 cts.
3 lbs., 35 cts.
5 lbs., 50 cts.
12 1-2 lbs., \$1.00

WM. C. LEAVITT,
Norway, Maine.

WANTED Norway town reports for the years 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892 and all years prior to 1882. For full particulars call on or address Col. E. F. Smith, Norway, or at this office. 247

Hammocks

Coolness and cosy comfort for everybody, during the hot weather.

Croquet Sets

Croquet is a game that never loses its popularity. Don't you need a new set.

When you come into the store, please try a glass of soda from our fountain. Our lemon is the best drink for a hot day that was ever sold in Norway, and it is fast getting to be the most popular soda ever sold here.

F. P. STONE, DRUGGIST,

143 Main street, NORWAY, ME.

Come in and see my line of

Shirt Waists, Wrappers, Suits,

AND EXTRA GOOD LINE OF

Dress Linings and Trimmings.

ALL THE LATEST.

Special Values in Fancy Wash Silks
For Waists.

I have all the Latest Styles in Gent's Neckwear, Linen Suits, Furnishings and clothing of all descriptions.

Special attention given to Custom Tailoring. Yours respectfully,

L. B. ANDREWS,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Fryeburg Memorial.

Grover post, G. A. R., No. 126, observed Memorial day in the usual appropriate manner. The graves of the hero dead were decorated with floral tributes and flags. A brief service was held at the old cemetery in which the children participated. At 2 o'clock the veterans and citizens, escorted by the Fryeburg Cornet band marched to the Congregational church, where the following program was given, under the direction of Commander T. L. Eastman:—

Patriotic selection, Fryeburg cornet band, C. W. Pike, leader.
Invocation, Rev. E. H. Abbott, pastor of Congregational church.
Kearl's American hymn, band and Nonesuch Ladies' Quartet.
Reading the Scriptures, Rev. E. H. Abbott.
Nearer my God to Thee, Nonesuch Ladies' Quartet.
Prayer, Rev. E. H. Abbott.
Reading—Extract from Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, Rev. E. H. Abbott.
The little tri-color in the grass, Nonesuch Ladies' Quartet.
Address, Judge Enoch Foster of Portland. Their sun shall no more go down, Nonesuch Ladies' Quartet.
Benediction, Rev. E. H. Abbott.

The address by Judge Foster held the closest attention of the audience, and was eloquent. The music was fine.

The church was decorated with flags and large sprays of purple and white lilac blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Shirley spent the past week at Cold River.

Charles Haley has moved into the Webster house on Smith street.

Principal George C. Purington of Farmington Normal School delivered a very interesting lecture here, Thursday. The subject being Horace Mann.

COMING! WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7th, UNDER CANVAS

JOSHUA SIMPKINS

The Greatest of All New England Comedies!

Produced on a Large Portable Stage under a strictly WATERPROOF PAVILION.

AT NORWAY, Wed. Night, June 7

Off Main Street, Show Grounds on Old Tannery Lot.

See the Thrilling Saw Mill Scene!

Charming Music, Excellent Singing, Up-to-date Specialties, Graceful Dancing, A Famous Orchestra.

Watch for the Great Noonday Parade.

2 BRASS BANDS 2c.

ADMISSION, ONLY 25c.

Children Under 12 Years, 15c.

Fishing Notes

By the Lakeside, Pennessesaukee. While many are justly disappointed with the fishing in the lake, this year, as compared with last year, there are others who yet have faith to believe that between now and the middle of June there will be fair salmon and trout fishing, if the hooks are baited, and kept in motion under water surely; if the hooks are not there the fish will not bite; and the only way to prove the proposition is to keep on fishing.

"Fly time" is yet to come, and then, oft times, the troll is quite as effective as the cast. When game fish are in the humor to rise or feed on the surface, they will often grab at anything attractive that comes in their way. At this writing, I have just landed two fine specimens of the "Salmo Fontinalis."

A very handsome 3-pounder took a live "red fin" on the troll and near the surface. Five minutes after, I tried the fly cast, and soon hooked a very gamey trout weighing 1 1/2 lbs., yesterday. Ed. Jenkins landed a red spot weighing 2 1/2 lbs., and I hear that one evening, last week, Mr. Bicknell took a fine salmon weighing 6 1/2 lbs.

The red spots are fly feeding, you can see them "breaking" for the "army cut-carpenter," numbers of which are floating in the water. Last Thursday and Friday, many salmon were seen jumping clear over in the deep water.

The water is growing warm on the shoals and in shore and the bass and pickerel are becoming troublesome. It seems that out in deep water is not much life, but in the near shore, with both surface and deep trolling.

There are plenty of good fish in the lake, boys. Don't give it up till June 20th, at least. Fish early and fish late. D. D. Littlefield caught, Monday, 1 salmon, 7 lbs. trout, 1 1/2 lbs.; also hooked a big salmon and lost him by breaking of the "leader," as he went out of water into the air several feet, when hooked.

Today, everybody who could get a boat tried the fishing. A party from Beal's Hotel led with the following catch:

Landlord John A. Woodman, 4-lb. salmon.
J. F. Dow of Malden, Mass., 4-lb. salmon, 3-lb. trout.
H. F. Mayberry of Bangor, 2-lb. trout.

Other lucky ones made the following catches:

Geo. R. Stephenson, 2-lb. trout.
Will C. Gary, 2-lb. trout.
William McDonald, 2-lb. trout.
Freeland Howe, two 1-lb. trout.
Percy Parker, 1-lb. salmon.

THE COLONEL.

ANDOVER.

The social was entertained by Mrs. Peter Learned in the hall, Tuesday evening.

Frank Akers and Mrs. Jonathan Abbott have both been critically ill, but are reported better at this time.

A meeting was reported at the Congregational church, Thursday evening. Several ministers from abroad were here to assist.

Mrs. Thomas has decided to build and has located near the Universalist church. Leslie Dunn has taken the contract to do the woodwork.

Martha Stevens, who has been in poor health for many years, passed on to the higher life, last week. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Mr. Barton. She was about 17 years of age.

EAST HEBRON.

The late rain has given a fine start to vegetation.

Angustus Roberts and son finish the work on Frank Packard's buildings, the middle of this week, and talk of remodeling W. S. Bucknam's buildings soon after they finish the work for Packard.

The bell presented at the B. church by Dr. Marshall of Portland, was hung last Saturday. All lent a hand. Those that came to Grange from Bealfield exhibited an interest equal to the citizens and worked with zeal and ardor.

Last Saturday evening, as T. L. Rogers and wife were returning home from lodge, they collided with George Ramsdell who was going to his home on his wheel, throwing George from his wheel and the horse on her knees. George had several cuts about the face and head. The evening was unusually dark. It is hoped Ramsdell was not badly hurt. The others came out all right, but much frightened.

The centennial exercises of quarterly meeting will occur, June 7th, the ordination, June 8th, in the evening. The meeting will close the 8th, in the afternoon. The following list of clergymen are expected from abroad: Prof. Anthony from Bates; Rev. Mr. Ricker, Lewiston; Rev. D. A. Gammon; Rev. Mr. Holman from Bangor; Rev. Mr. Wheeler and Rev. C. T. Keene. Others are expected and many former citizens from abroad.

LOVELL.

Mrs. S. W. Cushman is sick. They are sawing birch at the mill.

C. H. Davis is at home looking after the roads in town.

There will be a concert at the church, Sunday evening at 7:30. All invited.

Seth Hutchins sold his gray horse, last week, to parties from New Hampshire.

The ball game here, Saturday, May 27, East Conway vs. Lovell, was all one way from the start. Some fine playing was done on both sides. The battery work of the Lovells was noticeable, not a pass ball. The score was East Conway 15, Lovell 32. The Conway team were George, Hemen and played a manly game from start to finish.

C. K. Chapman was in Portland, Saturday.

Frank Messerve is home from Portland for a few days.

Parker Post attended church at the Congregational church, Sunday, the 28th.

Douglas Volk of Montclair, N. J., joined his family at their summer home in Lovell, May 25th.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

James Tidd is working for F. P. Putnam.

George Elliott begins the work remodeling his barn, this week.

Mamie Fuller is attending singing school at the Falls and takes music lessons on the organ of Miss Whitman.

Andy Farnold's leg which was crushed, last winter, is two inches shorter than the other instead of ten inches as the items made me say, last week.

Fred Lahay from Franklin Annex is working for M. L. and W. A. Wyman. Danny Weaver from the same place is working for Frank Thurston, and Edna Wyman from Peru Annex, for Mrs. Frank Thurston.

NORTH CHATHAM.

Charles Chandler has some boards. Edward Weston is running the engine at the mill.

There is no school, this week, until Wednesday.

Mrs. Peter Charles is at work for Robert Eastman.

Hazen Chandler begins repairs on his barn, this week.

Warren Emerson has turned his house end to the road and moved it back a short distance, making ready to build a new one.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Virginia Weston has a fine new bicycle.

John Huston is suffering with very sore feet.

Mrs. Chas. Harlow is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Harry Lowell and Russell Edwards are working at Scribner's Mills.

The G. A. R. of Harrison held a Memorial service at the Methodist church in this village, last Sabbath. The sermon was by our regular pastor, Rev. Mr. Lewis of Norway, who founded his remarks upon the words—"Remember the days of old." The forceful eloquence and enthusiasm of the speaker held the closest attention of the congregation. It was an occasion long to be remembered. The "Star Spangled Banner," patriotic music and a fine floral display were also features of the occasion.

There are no new cases of scarlet fever in the village and people are getting over their scare.

The maybaskets they have in Tamworth are about the right kind—oysters and crackers with a goodly number of friends to come in and help eat them.

On Sunday last, James Hanson's house caught fire around the chimney. When discovered it had got quite a start. The house being away at the time there was no one to help but two old people and Mrs. Libby, the daughter visiting them from Portland, and grandson Phil. While the little boy ran for help, Mrs. Libby got a ladder out a chamber window and climbed out on the roof with padding. Her place to slip, with both surface and deep trolling.

There are plenty of good fish in the lake, boys. Don't give it up till June 20th, at least. Fish early and fish late. D. D. Littlefield caught, Monday, 1 salmon, 7 lbs. trout, 1 1/2 lbs.; also hooked a big salmon and lost him by breaking of the "leader," as he went out of water into the air several feet, when hooked.

Today, everybody who could get a boat tried the fishing. A party from Beal's Hotel led with the following catch:

Landlord John A. Woodman, 4-lb. salmon.
J. F. Dow of Malden, Mass., 4-lb. salmon, 3-lb. trout.
H. F. Mayberry of Bangor, 2-lb. trout.

Other lucky ones made the following catches:

Geo. R. Stephenson, 2-lb. trout.
Will C. Gary, 2-lb. trout.
William McDonald, 2-lb. trout.
Freeland Howe, two 1-lb. trout.
Percy Parker, 1-lb. salmon.

THE COLONEL.

ANDOVER.

The social was entertained by Mrs. Peter Learned in the hall, Tuesday evening.

Frank Akers and Mrs. Jonathan Abbott have both been critically ill, but are reported better at this time.

A meeting was reported at the Congregational church, Thursday evening. Several ministers from abroad were here to assist.

Mrs. Thomas has decided to build and has located near the Universalist church. Leslie Dunn has taken the contract to do the woodwork.

Martha Stevens, who has been in poor health for many years, passed on to the higher life, last week. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Mr. Barton. She was about 17 years of age.

EAST HEBRON.

The late rain has given a fine start to vegetation.

Angustus Roberts and son finish the work on Frank Packard's buildings, the middle of this week, and talk of remodeling W. S. Bucknam's buildings soon after they finish the work for Packard.

The bell presented at the B. church by Dr. Marshall of Portland, was hung last Saturday. All lent a hand. Those that came to Grange from Bealfield exhibited an interest equal to the citizens and worked with zeal and ardor.

Last Saturday evening, as T. L. Rogers and wife were returning home from lodge, they collided with George Ramsdell who was going to his home on his wheel, throwing George from his wheel and the horse on her knees. George had several cuts about the face and head. The evening was unusually dark. It is hoped Ramsdell was not badly hurt. The others came out all right, but much frightened.

The centennial exercises of quarterly meeting will occur, June 7th, the ordination, June 8th, in the evening. The meeting will close the 8th, in the afternoon. The following list of clergymen are expected from abroad: Prof. Anthony from Bates; Rev. Mr. Ricker, Lewiston; Rev. D. A. Gammon; Rev. Mr. Holman from Bangor; Rev. Mr. Wheeler and Rev. C. T. Keene. Others are expected and many former citizens from abroad.

LOVELL.

Mrs. S. W. Cushman is sick. They are sawing birch at the mill.

C. H. Davis is at home looking after the roads in town.

There will be a concert at the church, Sunday evening at 7:30. All invited.

Seth Hutchins sold his gray horse, last week, to parties from New Hampshire.

The ball game here, Saturday, May 27, East Conway vs. Lovell, was all one way from the start. Some fine playing was done on both sides. The battery work of the Lovells was noticeable, not a pass ball. The score was East Conway 15, Lovell 32. The Conway team were George, Hemen and played a manly game from start to finish.

C. K. Chapman was in Portland, Saturday.

Frank Messerve is home from Portland for a few days.

Parker Post attended church at the Congregational church, Sunday, the 28th.

Douglas Volk of Montclair, N. J., joined his family at their summer home in Lovell, May 25th.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

James Tidd is working for F. P. Putnam.

George Elliott begins the work remodeling his barn, this week.

Mamie Fuller is attending singing school at the Falls and takes music lessons on the organ of Miss Whitman.

Andy Farnold's leg which was crushed, last winter, is two inches shorter than the other instead of ten inches as the items made me say, last week.

Fred Lahay from Franklin Annex is working for M. L. and W. A. Wyman. Danny Weaver from the same place is working for Frank Thurston, and Edna Wyman from Peru Annex, for Mrs. Frank Thurston.

NORTH CHATHAM.

Charles Chandler has some boards. Edward Weston is running the engine at the mill.

There is no school, this week, until Wednesday.

Mrs. Peter Charles is at work for Robert Eastman.

Hazen Chandler begins repairs on his barn, this week.

Warren Emerson has turned his house end to the road and moved it back a short distance, making ready to build a new one.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to all who assisted us in one time of sorrow. May they have the same help and sympathy when their hour of trial comes.

Mrs. LYDIA SAWIN,
LEWIS SAWIN AND FAMILY,
MERRITT SAWIN AND FAMILY.

SOUTH ALBANY.

Mrs. Parker Dresser is not very well at present.

John Mason made a short trip to Sumner, last week.

Mrs. A. L. Chaplin is visiting at her father's, P. P. Dresser's.

Mrs. Moses Stiles and son Richard have been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lois Littlefield.

J. F. Lord is preparing to move to the Albany Basin house which he has recently purchased.

Bert Bird has been obliged to give up his work as his health is so poor he was unable to keep his situation.

Sadie Henley has gone to Windsor, Vt., to work for her brother, Elmer Henley, whose wife is not very well.

Henry Sawin has quite an early garden, having corn, potatoes, peas and beans which are up and looking nicely.

Pliny Henley recently made a flying trip to Windsor, Vt., where his son resided. He went, Wednesday, and returned, Friday.

Bertha Browne of Grover Hill has been at L. A. Sawin's for a few days. Marion Bennett who has been at work there has been obliged to go home as she was sick with a cold.

Winifred Brown has a new "bike" which she takes delight in learning to ride. She seems to handle the "bike" on the road as well as she handles young America in the schoolroom.

WATERFORD.

George Keene is not able to be out, yet.

Fran Plummer is visiting her brother Mellen at Bridgton.

Geo. L. Warren remains quite feeble, not able to be out any.

Mrs. Wm. Doten of South Paris visited her father, L. G. Stone, last week.

Rev. T. S. Perry's daughter, Mrs. Bernham, is visiting at the parsonage.

Mrs. L. G. Stone has taken a little daughter of Rev. Mr. Woodwell of Bridgton to board.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jewett visited at Dr. Lombard's in Bridgton, Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st.

We are sorry to hear that Rev. Mr. Markley is soon to leave Bridgton, as during the time he has been there he has given very able service to the South Waterford Universalist society.

A union memorial service was held at the Congregational church, Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Perry and Rev. Mr. Markley. As Rev. Mr. Perry was in Washington through the most of the civil war, his remarks were listened to with much interest.

GET READY FOR HOT WEATHER!

One thing you probably need is a THIN DRESS.

We are holding a

Special Sale of Dimities

Very pretty styles and 27 inches wide,

Only 5 cts. per Yard.

Another lot, 30-inch Dimities and Lawns, fine quality and pretty styles,

Only 12 1-2 cts. per Yard.

Colored Piques, 30 inches wide, pretty styles, very nice for skirts,

Only 12 1-2 cts. per Yard.

BARGAINS IN SHIRT WAISTS, HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

THOMAS SMILEY,

NORWAY, MAINE

A New Lot of BABY CARRIAGES is in, but the newest thing in the market is the

ENGLISH GEAR GO-CART

With the thorough-braced strap, and they have shades.

A NEW LOT OF GOLDEN OAK ROCKERS

With leather seat and trimmings. Also some of the popular Bethel swing chairs and rockers in Mahogany finish, with crush plush, tapestry and Velour coverings. A variety of pretty easels in enameled white, oak and bamboo. A bargain in pictures—colored panels with gilt frame.

C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS, Norway.</